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Employment and Education: Prospects for the Sixties

IAN M. DRUMMOND

► THE INDUSTRIALISTS of Canada are increasingly prone to remark that if we are to achieve a satisfactory level of employment we shall have to raise our rate of growth, and that to do this we shall have to make long-run adjustments in our economy. It is more than a little surprising to find the NDP, the Chamber of Commerce, and E. P. Taylor uniting their voices in a call for central planning. Maybe our business community is suffering from a failure of nerve. But this is not the time to wander down that avenue of speculation. There is some evidence that the Conservative government is persuaded that 'structural' maladjustments do exist in the Canadian economy. The Productivity Council and the new technical-training program are both attempts to remove such maladjustments, and they are measures whose effect will be felt only in the long run. But is there any evidence that these structural maladjustments exist? And, more important, have we any reason to believe that such problems will persist in the sixties? Finally, has the government chosen the most efficacious means of dealing with the problem of unemployment?

Obviously the Conservative government has not confined itself to long-run measures. It has attacked unemployment and stagnation by fiscal and monetary policies whose impact is much more immediate. Budget deficits, devaluation, tax reduction, manipulation of interest rates — all are very much in the Keynesian tradition, and most economists would regard recent government actions along these lines as rational, though perhaps overdue. There is no doubt that if the government had pursued orthodox "conservative" fiscal policies the stagnation of 1957-61 would have been a much more nasty matter. However, the methods so far adopted have not succeeded in holding unemployment to an acceptably low level. And, as everyone knows, they have not succeeded in maintaining a satisfactory rate of economic expansion. There are some who argue that Keynesian remedies have simply not been pushed far enough — that more spending, more devaluation, and lower interest rates would do the job. Others insist that the current level of unemployment reflects rather a mismatching of labor demand with the characteristics of labor supply. They point to the poor education of the unemployed, and to their concentration in certain areas of the country. My own belief is that at present the basic problem is Keynesian — too little spending by government, industry, consumers and foreigners. However, I fear that the

sixties may present us with new "structural" problems of "mismatched" labor supply and demand. Unfortunately, there is good reason to suspect that those government policies which are aimed at removing structural maladjustments in labor markets may, in fact, increase them.

Everyone knows that among the unemployed the level of education is much lower than among the employed. However, it does not follow that the unemployed are unemployed simply because they are undereducated. It is true that professional and managerial people have faced neither unemployment nor any slackening of demand since 1957, but skilled construction workers and trained factory workers have enjoyed no better a market than untrained workers during the same period. Clerical and sales workers have admittedly fared better than construction workers and skilled workers in manufacturing. But there is no reason to think that the former occupations require any high level of specific technical skill. Clerical skills can be acquired quickly and cheaply. Those who argue that more training would create jobs must show that at present there is unsatisfied demand for skilled workers. No one has tried to show this, and in my opinion it cannot be shown. It is true that some firms are recruiting specialist personnel abroad, doubtless because in this way they can get skilled labor more cheaply than by bidding for skilled Canadian labor or by training the unskilled at home. Unless it can be shown that more training will eliminate this wage-cost differential, we cannot assume that by training the unemployed we will make jobs for them. Of course a technical training program has indirect effects. One remembers the story of the welder who, after six months' unemployment, finally found a job teaching welding in a new trade school. The building of trade schools itself creates new employment, especially among the relatively uneducated laborers who will have to do much of the building. "Multiplier" effects will further increase the

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amount of new employment which the work will generate. But these indirect effects are Keynesian; they occur because spending rises, not because the labor market itself has been successfully manipulated. In fact, there is every reason to trace present unemployment among the undereducated to the particularly marked declines of employment which have occurred since 1957 in those industries which traditionally use and need a less-well-educated labor force.

In asserting that there is little evidence of a shortage of skills at present, I do not mean to deny that employers sometimes have trouble in finding native workers for specific tasks. However, employers often face this difficulty because they are asking for a great deal of skill without being willing to pay for it. When an employer speaks of labor shortage he usually means that he has trouble finding enough workers at whatever wage he thinks fair. Or he may want a cheap worker who has some very specific skill, which in a small country he may not be able to find easily. It is not the business of the educational system to provide employers with all sorts of labor in the quantities employers want and at the prices employers wish to pay. Employers have an obvious pecuniary interest in shifting the costs of worker training to the community whenever possible. When the community acquiesces in employers' demands it is merely subsidizing them. Of course subsidies are sometimes justified. Few skills are specific to one firm, and workers are free to move from job to job; therefore a firm cannot always expect to gain the full benefit of any training which it might itself provide. This line of argument can, should, and does justify a great deal of free vocational and commercial education. Further, by subsidizing technical training we may lower business costs sufficiently to induce some private investment, or some growth in exports. But this route to full employment seems singularly roundabout and its quantitative effect is very hard to gauge. Clearly, subsidization is justified in some cases but certainly not in all. When employers speak of labor shortage their testimony is biased evidence, which cannot be taken at face value.

Structural unemployment can arise when the skills of the labor force are rendered obsolete because of changes in productive techniques or in markets. Everyone seems to expect that in the sixties Canada will face ever-more-frequent changes in market opportunities and in technology. If people have highly specific occupational skills, we may expect that people will be unemployed for structural reasons. However, there is little evidence that most Canadians do have highly specific skills. Some do, of course. But between the large majority of occupations the boundaries are fluid, and movement is easy. If the prophets are right in foreseeing more frequent change in the future demand for various sorts of skill, we should be trying to arrange matters in such a way as to encourage this occupational mobility. In so doing we would be decreasing the chance that specific groups would be stranded, and we would be increasing the chance that labor demand and supply would mesh precisely. Therefore, a rational educational program would try to give workers the sort of training on top of which they could graft various specific bits of knowledge as required. A trade school program does the exact opposite. But a trade school program is what the Dominion government has chosen to subsidize.

EDUCATIONAL UNEMPLOYMENT at present may be illusory. But regional unemployment is not. Certainly there are pockets of severe unemployment, where local industries have decayed or where local population grows with unusual speed. No one has ever claimed that Keynesian spending policies will directly help such areas. But people are much more likely to leave these pockets when such spending creates good job opportunities elsewhere. Future changes in technology and in markets will certainly create new depressed areas in the future. Of course, some of our present regional problems are the result of past unwise government policies. The Maritime coal towns would be much smaller today if we had not subsidized coal and protected steel for so many years. The New Brunswick and Quebec textile centres would have withered away long since if we had not sheltered their entrepreneurs behind a tariff. It is obvious that if we protect declining areas we are merely perpetuating structural problems, whereas if we pursue Keynesian fiscal and monetary policies we can expect that these areas will empty themselves much more readily. One thinks of the western coal-mining areas, where emigration has been both easy and popular because new jobs have been available nearby. The Keynesian prescription applies today, and it will continue to apply in the foreseeable future.

What about regional unemployment in the sixties? First of all, we must remember that an increasing proportion of the Canadian population now lives in large cities. This concentration of the population reduces the risk that particular people will be stranded in one-industry towns when the local industries have troubles. It thereby increases the usefulness of Keynesian employment policies. Of course the problem of the one-industry town will remain, but it will be much less severe and much less widespread if the level of spending in the economy is sufficiently high. Attractive jobs will then be available in the growing areas, and many people will leave the depressed areas to seek these jobs. However, the citizens of depressed areas often have good economic reasons for staying in their decaying towns. Many of them own their own homes, or pay very low rents; many have real difficulty in financing a move, and in establishing themselves in new communities. Through resettlement grants the Dominion government could do much to assist such people to move. But if the demand for labor is not buoyant in the expanding regions of Canada, such grants are unlikely to have much effect either on movement or on the level of unemployment in depressed areas.

I have suggested that there is no good reason to fear more severe regional unemployment problems in the sixties than in the fifties, and that an expansion of vocational education seems more likely to create structural maladjustments than to prevent them. Nevertheless, there is an important connection between present educational policies and the probable future pattern of labor demand in future. It is perfectly clear that the demand for production-line labor has been increasing very slowly for a decade, while demand for labor in "paper-shuffling" occupations has been rising much more rapidly. All the available statistical evidence shows that these occupations usually require a much higher level of general education than the goods-handling occupations. Further, there undoubtedly is a real barrier which prevents those

workers with little general education from offering themselves in this rapidly expanding sector of the labor market. Therefore the Canadian economy now contains a substantial pool of unemployed men who cannot reasonably expect to find jobs in those occupations where jobs will continue to be relatively easy to find. The problem is rendered still more serious by the continued exodus from agriculture. Both the unsuccessful farmer and his offspring often lack the general education which will be increasingly necessary if they are to be absorbed into urban employment. In future this agricultural exodus will surely continue, and the pool of under-educated unemployed will not be absorbed by any automatic process.

What could be done? A massive investment boom or a large and continuing program of public capital formation would certainly alleviate the problem, because the construction industry asks so little of its workers and because the resulting general tightness of labor markets would probably lower the educational requirements in other occupations. "Stay-in-school" campaigns are also desirable so long as students are encouraged to choose academic or commercial courses rather than vocational programs. Unfortunately, we have reason to think that people leave school earlier when there is general unemployment; therefore a stay-in-school campaign may have little success unless it is accompanied by Keynesian measures for combatting general unemployment. Further, the regions which are losing population are the regions which have relatively inadequate facilities for general education; therefore an equalization of educational opportunities would ease the adjustment problem in labor markets. Finally, there is need for more schemes to raise the level of general education (not technical and vocational training) among the present unemployed group. In stressing this need the adult educationists for once have right on their side.

FINALLY A BRIEF glance at the Productivity Council. This body was established because of a vague feeling that Canada had been pricing herself out of world markets. This feeling has little justification. In the first place, because the Canadian exchange rate is not a pegged rate, it must tend to adjust in an equilibrating fashion whenever domestic costs and prices tend to rise relative to prices elsewhere. In the second place, those industries which have consistently done best in export markets are those in which wage costs — the usual villain — have risen *most steeply*. Those industries which have suffered the most from the competition of imports are those in which wage rates have risen *least*. Thus the empirical evidence tends to support the theoretical case. It would seem that stagnation in our exports must be blamed on conditions in the purchasing countries, not on our internal cost structure. In future we may reasonably expect that cost reductions will assist our secondary industries to compete with imports, and perhaps to export. The Productivity Council may help to bring about these cost reductions. But an improvement in productivity will increase employment only if it leads to price-reductions which increase sales by an amount sufficient to offset the labor-saving effect of the cost-reduction itself. Unless the world demand for our exports is highly responsive to price-reductions, and unless the resulting increase in exports has a large expansionary impact on the Canadian economy, the Produc-

tivity Council may merely succeed in raising profits and in reducing employment. Again it must be admitted that cost-reduction may generate new investment, by raising the prospective rate of return on various new projects and by reducing construction costs. Thus the indirect effects will be positive, and may be potent. Nevertheless, the Productivity Council (like the subsidizing of education) is a singularly indirect and round-about way to encourage the private business community to spend itself back to full employment. I see no reason to expect that its long-run impact on the economy will be any larger or any more helpful than its short-run effect. If we pin our hopes on the Productivity Council to solve the unemployment problems of the sixties we are in for a serious disappointment.

Commons Prophecies

D. M. FISHER

► A VISIT TO QUEBEC or chats with French-Canadian newspapermen and politicians confirms the obvious: the Liberal party will pick up the majority of Quebec's seventy-five seats at the next federal election. Cautious Liberals estimate sixty seats, confident ones go as high as seventy. If the PM has any major reasons to delay the election, it is the hope that time may reveal embarrassments for Mr. Lesage and the Liberals.

The guessing game in seats goes like this: give the Liberals sixty in Quebec, and they should be able to take a minimum of six in Newfoundland, one in P.E.I., two in N.S., five in N.B., three in Manitoba, three in Saskatchewan, two in Alberta, and three in B.C. This would seem to guarantee them eighty-five seats and the need of forty-eight of Ontario's eighty-five seats in order to take over power.

Can the Liberals add thirty-one more Ontario seats to their present total of seventeen? The Gallup poll shows they have a clear margin of preference over the Conservatives here as winter settles in. Thus Ontario first, and Quebec secondly, because of the potential of the Liberal's gain in the latter and their need in the former, will be the key areas which parties will attempt to influence through the next parliamentary session scheduled for early January. Messrs. Robarts and Lesage, as provincial premiers, will be present in spirit at least. Most of the legislation and the overwhelming share of opposition criticism will be aimed at the voters of the big provinces.

The election month? The tradition would have it as June, but on two counts October might be a better hazard. In the past two years, the winter's memory of unemployment has not faded until well past June, and August and September have given a nicer statistical picture of this problem from the government's point of view. In addition, the Diefenbaker ministry has been very time-consuming in putting through a legislative program in this parliament. It would have to be crisp beyond its character to get through any attractive bills for an April wind-up and a June election date.

There is a possibility that a sharp issue may be joined over Senate reform which might enable the PM to take a dissolution in order to meet a challenge or a refusal from the Liberal Senate. On the other hand, with federal-provincial relations in the areas of constitutional change

and taxation-sharing so much to the fore in Ontario and Quebec, the government will need a lot of time to put through its statutes and to publicize their worth. So . . . this member likes October. Of course, I liked October, 1961 and still believe it would have come up as the choice if Mr. James Coyne had not been so successful at melodramatics.

The launching in November of New Democrat leader, T. C. Douglas, on the federal campaign trail has tended to raise Conservative spirits. The reasoning goes like this: the Diefenbaker choice of free enterprise versus socialism as the main fighting ground of the election will dish the Liberals in industrial, business-conscious Ontario, where they must make their main impact. If colourful, vigorous John Diefenbaker stalks Ontario attacking and being attacked by colourful, folksy Tommy Douglas how will modest, colourless Lester Pearson ever get a real hearing? Both the prairie politicians are crowd-pullers. In an election campaign this magnetism has a compelling, centripetal force. Anyway, that is the popular analysis of Conservative strategy. The Liberals would seem to have two countering assets: the simple fact that they have more core voters in Ontario than the other parties do; the quiet, deep, developing distaste for the high-powered Diefenbaker politicking could turn voters away from the circus ring to the low-keyed performance of Lester Pearson.

The inordinate, accepted strength of the Liberals in Quebec could cause Pearson trouble in Ontario, particularly if Messrs. Lesage and Levesque have to gear themselves more and more towards a demand for autonomy. This would seem a possibility as a mid-way station, short of the developing separatist movement in Quebec. Mr. Levesque has called separatism a 'respectable' idea. In the slugging of a long session and a campaign there are bound to be Conservatives who would revive the Gordon Churchill thesis of '57: the Conservatives do not need, the Liberals can have Quebec; see what good it does the Liberals in the rest of Canada!

One temptation to the latter course will be a much-watched, much quoted figure in the next session. The Conservative member from Roberval, Jean-Noel Tremblay, has called Confederation a "fool's paradise" for the French-Canadian; he has stated that he has never felt accepted by his Conservative, English-speaking colleagues. Mr. Tremblay is a vivid, even exotic, politician. His French, everyone concedes, is meticulous and masterly as befits a professor. Further, his invective power is strong. I can recall the quiet rage of cabinet ministers in previous sessions as Mr. Tremblay cut away at such radical institutions as the CBC.

Almost every parliament since Confederation has had a handful of independents or quasi-independents from Quebec who fought the narrow battle for a flag without British symbols or bi-lingual cheques or bi-lingualism in the Civil Service or French nomenclature for public buildings. It has been apparent that such a cluster of members were quiet within the Diefenbaker ranks. Sometimes they have been referred to as "the Duplessistes." Mr. Tremblay, Remi Paul, Louis Pigeon, Maurice Johnson, and Marcel Bourbonnais are the most vocal possibilities in such a contingent. With Mr. Tremblay's sensational off-session break on the "fool's paradise", the way may be set for even more sensations

in an independent line on the part of those Quebec M.P.s who think of themselves as heirs of Mr. Duplessis and associates of Mr. Daniel Johnson, the Union Nationale leader in Quebec.

For several sessions Messrs. Tremblay, Pigeon, et al, have guyed the Liberal front-bencher, Lionel Chevrier as "traitor". Last spring the Speaker intervened to stop this form of attack which was rendered in a low, penetrating call from the benches behind Mr. Chevrier. Next session the tables will be turned. The Liberals will clamour for Mr. Diefenbaker to disown these 'separatists'. It has to be the noisiest session in the 24th Parliament. One can only hope that the uproar does not drown out the substantial issues of policy.

There is the possibility of a tremendous irony. A donnish priest at Laval grimaced as he put this scary possibility to me. "Tremblay may very well be a cabinet minister after the next election. Because of his break, he is one of the very few French Conservative members who will be re-elected. Diefenbaker is likely to go back, despite his Quebec debacle, and he will have to give Tremblay one of the four or five cabinet posts which must go to French-Canadians."

And just such ridiculous possibilities do exist as the pre-election session comes upon us!

Canadian Calender

- The town of Grand Falls, Newfoundland, held its first municipal elections in November. Until this year Grand Falls was run by the Anglo-Newfoundland Development Co. which founded it 50 years ago.

- In July and August of 1956, the Danish scientist Dr. Joergen Meldgaard made a topographical reconnaissance of the east coast of Labrador and of Newfoundland, and discovered the sites of the Viking settlements made about 1,000 A.D. In agreement with the Canadian National Museum, the discovery was kept secret to allow undisturbed excavation. Norwegian archeologist Helge Ingstad has been able to find some of the houses at the sites and plans excavations next year.

- In 1960, \$137,000,000 was spent on direct mail advertising in Canada.

- On October 19, tests were begun on a machine which uses gamma rays to prevent potatoes from sprouting in storage. The commercial products division of Atomic Energy of Canada Ltd. developed the machine in co-operation with the potato industry.

- In reply to Ontario Labor Minister Warrender's suggestion that the Royal York Hotel and the union renew negotiations with the help of his department, the hotel replied that there is nothing to negotiate, that the union has lost the strike and that it must salvage what it can by accepting the hotel's terms.

In the union's appeal to the Unemployment Insurance Commission for unemployment benefits for its strikers, the information supplied to the board of referees by the hotel showed that in the period from Sept. 1 to Oct. 7, the hotel's sale of beverages was down 29.3%, the number of meals served had declined 27.6%, the staff count was down 21% and the house count 17.3%. Therefore

the board ruled that the hotel's operation had not reached the 85% of normal level used as a basis to determine whether strikers will be granted unemployment insurance.

- Canada's apple crop this year at over 15 million bushels was slightly higher than in 1960, the pear crop was up 9% over last year's, and peach production rose about one-third. The 1961 grape crop was down 25% and the strawberry crop, 11%.

- At the beginning of October, Canada's money supply reached a new peak of over \$14,550,000,000, forty-three million dollars above the previous record reached in September. Since mid-June, the total money-supply has risen by \$632,000,000 as a result of the expansion of credit made possible by the central bank.

- The Dept. of Transport has announced a new scheme of surveillance in which masters of transport department vessels, fisheries and hydrographic ships, and also pilots of some RCAF and department aircraft will report on any oil pollution found on island and coastal waters. As well, 15 department officials at various ports have been assigned to co-ordinate reports of oil pollution, and 17 Crown agents are now available in port cities to permit immediate legal action. Oil pollution offenses carry fines of up to \$500, with possible jail terms of up to six months. The master or owner of the offending ship is responsible.

- A seven-man delegation left Canada Nov. 14 on an extensive study tour of Latin America arranged by the Canadian National Commission for UNESCO.

- The University of Toronto has given to the world pharmacological discoveries which, if patented, would have yielded 8 million dollars or more per year for research, Dr. C. H. Best estimated, at a hearing of the Restrictive Trade Practices Commission which is investigating drug prices. Dr. Best added that he felt the discoveries had been handled in the right way.

- Over 200,000 families camped last summer on the 11,250 sites provided in Ontario's provincial parks by the Department of Lands and Forests. This was 46% more than in 1960. The Ontario Tourist Courts Association, despite the fact that motels were busy all summer, and campers were largely families who would not have been able to afford a motel holiday, is now asking that the Ontario Government stop operating these dollar-a-night camp-sites in provincial parks.

- Effective Jan. 1, new regulations on commercials have been issued by the BBG. Instead of 20 announcements an hour for a total of 16 minutes per hour, or 26.7% of broadcast time, commercial time will be limited to 20% of all broadcasting time between 6 a.m. and midnight each week, with a maximum of 23% in any one day.

- Sponsored by the Canadian Research and Development Foundation, an inventors' showcase called the Permanent International "New Product" Exhibition, Ltd. has opened in Toronto. The foundation receives from 200 to 250 inventions per month; these are screened by a

staff of 18 engineers. Inventions which have some chance of recovering patent and research costs, and of making a profit, are encouraged, and assistance is given in licensing negotiations with interested manufacturers.

- From 60 to 65 per cent of the toys now sold in Canada are made here. Shipments of Canadian toys to the U.S. are up 50% to \$750,000 this year. Canadian manufacturers even ship toys to Japan and Hong Kong.

ON A BLACK PAINTING BY TAMAYO

Black sun
charcoaling crookedly through a night city sky
and yellow guitar
or lute or mandolin or crooked naked yellow stringed
wooden silent singing
untouched sleeping child
remind me of a game waiting to be played

Black man black woman
black back to massive black back
to passive black or is it gray
remind me of a game waiting to be played again
or is it passive or is it only
a game to wake and play
the yellow thing
or I think it is a game to wait to wake
to play

Black man black woman
and the yellow
or is it the black sun

George Bowering

THE AUSPICIOUS ONES

... comes Circe still forcing the cup
On the seekers, pigged and oedematous,
Juiced with the after-rheum of tears,
Infernal amorphous faces,
Pathetically gesturing hands
Waving a dream of flight
Clutching moulted feathers,
Believing in the powers
Of the flown birds,
Their dull delights.

F. D. Zingrone

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A Long-Range View of Bergman

JOHN ROBERT COLOMBO

► THERE HAVE BEEN so many important films in the last year or so that reflect the concern of their directors with the "cinematic experience", that the average viewer is likely to approach a film by Ingmar Bergman with relief. Watching a Bergman film, the viewer does not expect to be dazzled by rapid pans, caught in over-long intimate takes or forced to run alongside a mobile camera. Everyone is familiar with these devices in French "new wave" films, Italian "neo-realist" films and Russian "man running towards woman through field of wheat" films. They have been so internationally popular that the average viewer is likely to get the impression that every fashionable director is experimenting with the formal aspects of the film.

With a Bergman film exactly the opposite impression is fostered: the viewer is impressed with the "solidity" of the treatment, with the austerity of the techniques used, with the restraint employed by the Swedish director in the filming of his grotesque materials. At times Bergman's bizarre subject matter, when filtered through the polished film style, is almost as well modulated as the

work of Robert Bresson, the French director of *The Pickpocket* and *A Man Escaped*, both "private" films in the sense that the subject of the film is the individual involved, not the camera, not the screen environment, not the viewer and not the plot. It is possible that the average viewer will feel cheated with the lack of cinematic thrills in a Bergman film, but the sense of solidity, of a perfectly controlled and poised camera, is as much an illusion as the sense of fleeting impermanence in French, Italian and Russian films.

It is useless to talk, as Kracauer does in his recent book *Theory of Film*, about one subject being inherently more "cinematic" than another, when what he is really saying is that one treatment can be more "cinematic" than another. Bergman's subjects may appear to be physically static, but the dynamic quality is shown in another way—internally, in the use of flashbacks and recurring motifs. The cinematically inclined director is really an improviser. His art is the art of the impressionist Cezanne. Bergman, playing the role of the traditionally minded director, is more a Rembrandt, who concentrates on the play of light and shadow, who excels when it comes to settings and portraiture.

The apparent solidarity of Bergman's films has naturally been ascribed to Bergman as a person and not Bergman as a film-maker—to his Lutheran background, his early interest in art, literature and drama, to his



"O, GOOD! JUST WHAT I'VE ALWAYS WANTED!"

concern with existentialistic questions. This is the biographical fallacy in action. If the actual facts are set against the popular image, it will be found that just the reverse is true. Bergman conscientiously revolted against his background and his clergyman father; he left his university courses uncompleted to produce college theatricals; in his private and his public life he has vacillated between theatre and cinema, between marriage and divorce. But the image persists, even when turned against itself.

The reason Bergman's films seem to bulk so large cannot be ascribed either to his early training and continued interest in drama, although the structure of traditional drama has certainly influenced his treatment of plot. Rather it is based on a general ignorance of Bergman's development as a director. This is not an error in judicious viewing, but an example of a mature director suddenly being "discovered." His earlier work is then regarded as preparatory, and like embarrassing first novels by successful authors are, so to speak, regarded as "out of print." Hence, Bergman is a director who will never live down his few successes—his towering popular epics that are so widely known and so commercially profitable that it is surprising he still retains the freedom necessary to explore less popular treatments and less profitable themes. According to the Index to his films in the May 1961 issue of *Films in Review*, Bergman scripted or directed, between 1944 and 1961, twenty-six features. He began as a scriptwriter and still excels as a writer.

BERGMAN'S EARLIEST successes—*Torment*, *Crisis*, *Thirst*—centre on the sensational. They deal, in turn, with sadism, suicide and (in the case of *Thirst*) abortion, despair and lesbianism. These subjects are usually not recognized to be the standard Bergman preoccupations, and even when they are recognized, in such recent films as *The Virgin Spring*, they are politely disregarded—they are held to be "dictated by the subject matter."

Bergman slowly moved into a second period of film-making. In 1956, after he had completed *Smiles of a Summer Night*, he is credited with making this observation: "Women were my universe." These films revealed an insight into feminine problems, and they are still numerically and artistically his single sizeable contribution as a director and writer. The films that he directed during this period, that have been released on this continent, are: *The Secrets of Women* (his first comedy, completed in 1952), *Summer with Monika*, *A Lesson in Love* and *Smiles of a Summer Night* (his last comedy, completed in 1956). With the exception of *Smiles*, which brought Bergman his first Cannes Film Festival Award, and for the first time a popular following outside Sweden, the films of this middle period are uneven. Many of them have excellent sections—the elevator sequence in *The Secrets of Women*, for instance, is usually cited as Bergman at his best. In the same film Bergman permits himself to appear momentarily in the guise of a lecherous bum. The early films are all realistic tragedies; the films of the middle period, revealing comedies. The two films to follow were to give Bergman a reputation second to none.

Totally unexpected, *The Seventh Seal* and *Wild Strawberries* charmed the intellectuals who usually sneered at the movies, and met them on their own

ground, offering an intelligent and artistic dimension that is usually lacking in even the best films. Bergman whetted the appetites even further by stating obliquely in both films that he was not mystifying anyone, but was offering "the elements of a symbolic logic" to anyone who cared to peer behind the externals. Everyone tried, and the films became the first really talked-about movies since Chaplin's early films. Only one reviewer, Norman N. Holland, has managed to begin to discover in them what Bergman says is there. His qualifications are Bergman's: a thorough knowledge of the stage, and a smattering of Swedish. A close analysis of the text demonstrated the depth of some of the dialogue, the "grammar of the film." Holland's articles in *The Hudson Review* (Summer 1959, Winter 1959, Spring 1961) are models of the academic method applied to screenplays with revealing results.

There are signs that Bergman's intellectual following is wavering, that the allegiance will not extend to non-intellectual films as well as intellectual ones. The response to the recent film *The Magician* was apprehensive, and to many *The Virgin Spring* seemed a denial of the very intellectual characteristics that Bergman was trying to inject into his screenplays. From reports, his most recent film *The Devil's Eye* is neither a study of religion nor an indulgence in violence, but a return to the theme of the middle films, virtue in the setting of a comedy of manners. Bergman is steering his own path and the Svensk Filmindustri is certainly permitting him to explore fields other than the ones in which he gained his awards and following. In 1960, the year *The Devil's Eye* was released, Bergman accepted the heavy post of director of Sweden's leading dramatic group, the Royal Dramatic Theatre in Stockholm.

The stereotype that Bergman, the person, most easily assumes is that of the searcher, modern man whose allegiance wavers between religion and crime. In Bergman's case, the tension results in either "dark" or "bright" films, and occasionally in films that offer both elements battling it out. A more satisfying view, however, is that Bergman is a versatile craftsman, interested in solving the problems connected with directing films about any number of subjects with any number of possible treatments. There is an embarrassment of riches here, but the view of the director as independent craftsman is foreign today only to the film industry. The early directors were always surrounded by the fabulous wealth of possibilities, and were able to create genres right and left.

The director as craftsman is certainly foreign to the French film-makers of the impressionist school, who are really maverick candid cameramen, begging the services of unprofessionals and filming them in their few professional moments. Their films are probably a cinematic equivalent of action painting and free verse. What is really exciting today is the fact that Bergman and other traditional directors are openly competing for screen time and screen receipts. They are competing with directors of every school, country and age. Names of directors are becoming household words, and in many cases the personal popularity of individual film directors eclipses that of the stars who work under them. The history of films is the history of an industry that was very slow to recognize the role of the single essential craftsman on the set, the director.

Magazine Chronicle

► THE MAGAZINE SCENE in Canada burst suddenly into new life last month, as if everyone decided at once to take the O'Leary Commission seriously. Two magazines, both monthlies, made their first appearances on the stands and another, a quarterly, sailed more or less triumphantly into its third issue. The monthlies, *Canada Month* and *Exchange*, are, respectively, political and political-literary, while the quarterly, a faintly avant garde little magazine called *Evidence*, is mainly devoted to new poetry and fiction.

Canada Month, published in Montreal, takes its political stance on the Right. But isn't a magazine for old Tories or loyal Y.P.C.'s; in fact, after two issues, it appears to be almost as much anti-Diefenbaker as anti-Socialist, anti-welfare state and anti-disarmament. It may find its place as the voice of mild revolt on the Right in Canada and in that role it should establish a fairly constant readership. Perhaps the only trouble with this plan is that *Canada Month* is frequently a painfully dull magazine to read and even the most sincere conservative will have trouble lasting through its pages every month.

C.M.'s typographical layout is entirely unimaginative. The articles seem to run into one another in the clumsiest possible way and each page leaves a jumbled impression of light and dark types and heavy horizontal dividing lines—in a letter published in the second issue, Alan Jarvis, who otherwise considered *C.M.'s* content "beautiful", suggests that "with all those black lines the magazine should be called *Obit*." The selection of photographs is just as uninspired; a picture story on air travel in Canada uses a group of pictures that might have been rejects from Canadian Pacific's publicity department.

C.M.'s articles run mainly to short Time-length items and most are designed to make the point that "the individual is still ahead in the race against engulfing, smothering government." Thus, in the early issues, there is an attack on the New Democratic Party policies, an article that points out the merits of colonialism, a friendly piece on the new private T.V. network, some critical notes on Rene Levesque, and an article that sees the recent appearance of new magazines and newspapers in Canada as a rejection of "government molly-coddling". *C.M.* also champions the individual at more modest levels with an article about a resident of Toronto Island who paddles himself to work every morning in 20 minutes instead of waiting out the City's 40 minute ferry boat ride and another on a man who is building his own yacht. Even the better articles seem intended to illustrate one or other of the magazine's favorite points; an interesting survey of Sweden's civil defence program is used as a stick to beat the "defeatist thinking" in Canada's own EMO planning.

The first issue of *Exchange*, also from Montreal, is in many ways more disappointing than *Canada Month*. The advance notices seemed to place it fairly securely in the mainstream of Canadian intellectual and literary life and the list of expected contributors inspired all sorts of confident hope in me. But the November issue turns out instead to be a grab bag of curious miscellany and indicates that the editors may not know what the intellectuals in this country are really thinking—or even where they are. An article by Professor John R.

Seeley of York University, for instance—a dullish, hastily-written piece about some first principles in sociology—is entirely out of place in this kind of magazine and an essay by Andre Phillip on the New Democratic Party, which sounds suspiciously like a transcript of some taped remarks, is too slim and superficial to be taken as serious comment. The emphasis on the evils of Khrushchov and communism—an editorial, an excerpt from Camus, a long poem, an article on the Soviet ambassador's reaction to disarmament—is laid on in such heavy-handed way that it begins to give the magazine a shrill, amateurish tone and in the end only helps to underline the way in which *Exchange* misses contact with the real intellectual current in Canada.

There are fortunately other, more impressive pieces in the first issue—contributed by those people who raised my early hopes. Robert Weaver says everything that needs to be said in his article on the O'Leary Report; John Robert Colombo, Leonard Cohen and Raymond Souster offer some fine poetry; David Lewis Stein has a sensitive, low-keyed short story; Robert Fulford comments incisively on the reactions of three American writers to the mass media. Canada's various summer festivals are examined in acid tones by three critics and they make Stratford, Vancouver and Montreal sound like places to avoid. There is also a section, less satisfying, on "The Grievances of French Quebec" which serves to emphasize the gulf between Them and Us—an article on the story behind the publication of "Les Insolences du Frere Utel" reads like a report smuggled out of an occupied country.

Evidence, the quarterly, is intended for a smaller audience than the other two magazines. In fact, most of its readers might almost be rounded up from the coffee houses and art galleries in Toronto's Yonge-Bloor-Avenue Road district. This is the operating area for a group of young painters, writers and photographers whose work is, before anything else, determinedly modern, and *Evidence*, playing the role of a local *Evergreen Review*, faithfully reflects their tastes and standards.

Occasionally this leads the magazine into disaster, but the third issue, easily the best, is comparatively free of the struggle to be Hip at all costs. The fiction is especially good; one story, written in a West Indian dialect, deals vividly with a roguish Barbadian's adventures in Toronto; another, done in an Alan Sillitoe style, is about life in the bottom ranks of the British army; and a third is a clever allegory about the futility of work. There is also a lively picture essay on Coney Island, some interesting poetry, a few black and white reproductions of Gordon Rayner paintings, and finally, like a report of the office party, *Evidence* offers some gay snaps taken at the latest soiree given by the local coffee-house set.

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BARRISTERS AND SOLICITORS

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A Republican Dixie?

EDWIN R. BLACK

► IS THE OLD CONFEDERACY turning Republican? Senator Barry Goldwater says the answer is yes, and he looks to the day not far off when the South will realize its true nature as the heartland of American conservatism, and become an electoral bastion of the Republican party.

Senator Goldwater is not alone in this optimism, even if not too many others will carry it to this extreme. If his idea seems incredible, consider the evidence of the last twelve months or so during which Republicans have

1. Won their first southern Senate seat in eighty-five years.
2. Staked out a solid claim to seven Congressional seats that they've held through four elections.
3. Swung three states rather firmly behind different Republican candidates.
4. Given a Southern governor a good run (7-6) for his money, and
5. Elected a Republican to the South Carolina legislature — its first since Reconstruction.

Does the Republican Jumbo really have a chance of kicking the Democratic donkey out of the southern cottonfields in which he has frisked so freely for decades? Well, no, there isn't really much immediate chance of Jumbo taking over that way, but the Democrats will not find the southern voting fields nearly as lush and easily cropped as once they were. There is solid evidence that surprisingly large numbers of southerners are prepared to vote Republican — more than ever before. The GOP stigma is disappearing and in some cities being an avowed Republican has become fashionable.

The most recent and most surprising development was the election of a Republican to the South Carolina House of Representatives. Mr. C. E. Boisneau's win was no fluke though. Not only did he refuse to hide his Republicanism, but he flaunted it for all to see, virtually declaring that a vote for Boisneau was a vote for Goldwater — probably the most visible of all Republicans today. In 1960 Mr. Nixon missed carrying South Carolina by less than 10,000 votes in 300,000, but he did lead in Richland County — the site of Mr. Boisneau's August victory this year. Included in this county is Columbia, the state capital, where Mr. Boisneau will sit in a legislative chamber inhabited by 123 others — all Democrats.

The winds of change blowing on southern cheeks are bringing more than alterations in race relations. Less obvious but equally significant politically has been the increase in urbanization and industrialization. While the South has a long way to go to catch up with the rest of the U.S., people are crowding into its cities at twice the national rate; industrialization, although not as rapid, is also quickening its pace. These developments resemble those in the north forty years ago, but they may bring somewhat different results.

Industries primarily oriented toward low-skill labor, good highway networks and rural electrification have encouraged the exploitation of a fairly docile labor market; new plant locations are nearly always in the rural area where taxes, wages and living costs are low. Southern cities are characteristically smaller, and metropolitan areas fewer. One reason is that southern cities did not begin as industrial centres the way most did in

New England; they were, and are, chiefly agricultural and commercial in nature, and such cities do not tend to expand indefinitely in the manner of industrial towns. Only Birmingham, Ala., can be called a true industrial centre of the northern type that has spawned hordes of automatic Democratic votes for three decades past.

The political and social evolution of the southern Negro is significant, of course, but not particularly for the Republicans. Should one be inclined to argue about the Negroes' gratitude toward their former Republican liberators, he would be answered that this happened a long time ago, and since then the Republicans as a party have ignored the Negro almost as much as have the Democrats. Neither can the southern Negro be expected to use the southern Republicans as a weapon against their Democratic oppressors in state government. The southern Republicans are more conservative (if that is possible) than the Democrats, and the national Republicans are not noted for their encouragement of more government action in any domestic field. Despite the high migration from the region, the South still has more than eight of the country's eighteen million Negroes. Of these nearly 25 per cent of those of voting age are registered voters, which compares with about 53 per cent of the eligible whites.

While Negroes constitute between 12 and 15 per cent of all southern voters, they sometimes appear to swing more weight than this would suggest, for a disproportionately high number of registered Negroes are concentrated in the cities.

THE ALIENATION OF southern leaders from the national Democrats began with Roosevelt's New Deal and was compounded by Truman's civil rights stand. It was then encouraged a little by Eisenhower's first campaign when a few remarks about the necessity of bolstering the states encouraged southerners to think he meant States' Rights the way they meant States' Rights. (Eisenhower's use of troops at Little Rock soon disabused them of that notion.) The Dixiecrats in 1948 tried to build a sectional third party that would be a force in presidential politics, but it lacked staying power — especially after Truman showed he could get elected without their help.

The two Eisenhower elections and that of 1960 saw large numbers of southerners voting Republican in presidential politics. For fifteen years during which many southerners came to voting age, non-Democratic voting has been the approved course in many southern districts. One didn't have to vote Republican, however, for groups of "Citizens for Ike", "Independents for Nixon" and Dixiecrats of various styles sprang up to divert the vote from the Democratic candidate. A key issue is whether any of the disenchantment with the national Democrats can be translated into effective Republican votes at the state level.

For many years even Republican presidential activity was discouraged in the South for two reasons. The first was the Electoral College in which even a 49 per cent Republican vote in a state was no more useful than a one per cent vote. Southern Republicans seem to have overcome this inertia.

A second discouraging factor was the national leaders' lack of interest. Sham Republican "parties" in the South were controlled by a few hacks whose valuable votes at national conventions could easily be manipulated by

would-be candidates. These tactics were temporarily discredited by the Taft-Eisenhower struggle in 1952. Although the Republicans failed miserably, in party terms, to exploit Eisenhower's popularity, many of the former sham organizations have been replaced by small, but genuine groups of enthusiasts.

In 1952 Eisenhower captured four of the eleven Confederate states (Florida, Tennessee, Texas and Virginia), and added Louisiana to them in 1956. Nixon managed to hold Virginia, Tennessee and Florida, and just missed Texas and South Carolina by a hair or two. Such is the Republican toehold for presidential campaigns. Eisenhower took with him to Washington in 1952 some six Republican congressmen from the South. One of these dropped by the wayside in the 1954 off-year election, but two other districts were won; the Republicans have held these seven seats ever since.

There is still more to Republican optimism about the South. While the GOP presidential vote declined nationally almost six percentage points between 1952 and 1960 (more if Eisenhower's improved 1956 showing is considered), the Republican presidential vote in the Confederacy declined only two per cent. On the other hand, the Republican vote for congressional candidates rose by almost five per cent nationally, but rose less than two points in the southern districts. This helps illustrate the difficulty the Republicans face in carrying presidential strength over into congressional elections, which seem to be determined more by traditional voting habits in the South than are the presidential contests. In addition, there is a notable lack of congruence between policy positions held by presidential and congressional candidates of the same party label.

Eisenhower made his party's greatest gains in the South in the traditional mountain strongholds, and in the large cities. This was documented by Donald S. Strong in a 1959 study entitled *Urban Republicanism in the South* which utilizes congressional districts consisting of counties housing cities of 50,000 or more. In comparing the years 1936 and 1956 (the high points nationally for Roosevelt and Eisenhower), Mr. Strong finds urban gains for Republicans of at least 30 per cent (South Carolina) and as much as 48 per cent (Louisiana). The urban gains exceeded the non-urban gains by an average 15 per cent.

How much of this southern GOP voting was "Eisenhowerism"? In 1952 Eisenhower won four of the eleven states, and carried half of the twenty-four city-county areas studied by Mr. Strong; in 1956 he carried five states and all but four of the twenty-four "metropolitan" areas. In 1960 Nixon managed only three states but carried half the metropolitan areas. Again, in Eisenhower's first year, only five of the cities voted less Republican than did their states, but in 1956 twenty-one of the twenty-four metro areas voted more heavily than did their states. Nixon did not persuade the cities as well — nine failed to lead their states in voting Republican. (A notable shift in the Negro vote apparently occurred; where in 1956 heavily-Negro populated wards went strongly for Eisenhower, in 1960 the same wards swung to Kennedy.) The concentration of Negro registrants in the cities may be a partial explanation.

This presidential Republicanism is reflected in the congressional races in these same urban areas. The number of contests entered by Republicans has been increasing slowly; last year there were seventeen in

these city areas. (Republicans simply don't run in many southern districts; the real election is in the Democratic primary election which decides who the party's nominee will be.) In all but two cases the urban voting for Republican congressional candidates exceeded the state-wide voting. The Republicans earned 31 per cent of the Tennessee state-wide congressional vote because of the heavy mountain support, but the party did not contest the districts that included the cities of Nashville, Chattanooga and Memphis.

The 1960 elections bear out the contention that it is the largest cities that are leading the Republican way in the South. This should give pause to the easy assertion that the American city vote is generally Democratic and the farm vote GOP — you can't prove it by the South.

GENERALIZING LIKE THIS about the "South" suggests there is some such region with distinctive characteristics common to all states. Such generalizations can be misleading for the eleven states are as different as they are similar. A brief state-by-state survey may be helpful at this point.

Alabama increased its Republican presidential vote by eight percentage points after 1952 in a regular progression to the 1960 figure of 43 per cent. The last Republican senatorial candidate got 30 per cent of the ballots — almost double the previous party vote.

Arkansas. Little Rock liked Eisenhower better than did the rural people (48 per cent to 46), but Nixon's vote dropped to only 39 in the city compared with 43 per cent state-wide. While only one in six voters have backed congressional Republicans with any regularity, Governor Faubus' opponent got almost one-third of the vote in 1960.

Florida. "The Sunshine State" has been vastly changed since the war, chiefly by northern immigration which swung the state to Ike in 1952. It stayed Republican in 1956 and 1960 although Nixon's margin dropped considerably. Tampa-St. Petersburg has elected a GOP congressman since 1954. The state gave a Republican senatorial candidate almost 30 per cent of the vote in 1958. If a southern state does elect a GOP governor, it will probably be in Florida where the 1960 Republican candidate got 40 per cent of the gubernatorial vote.

Georgia. This Deep South state can be almost completely ignored when discussing Republicanism—except that the liberal and Roman Catholic Mr. Kennedy was not well favored, particularly in Atlanta, where Nixon got 49 per cent of the vote.

Louisiana. Eisenhower won the state in '56 but Democratic loyalties, plus possibly some co-religionist sympathy, cut Mr. Nixon's share down to 29 per cent. The first GOP senatorial candidate in years got 20 per cent of the vote in 1960.

Mississippi. The river state is much the same as Georgia, only less Republican; optimists in the party might see progress in the senatorial "races" — from 4.4 per cent in 1954 to 8 per cent in 1960.

North Carolina. One of the most advanced of the Confederate states, it almost went for Eisenhower in 1956. Nixon gained close to 48 per cent of the ballots last year and carried the two most populous districts. Senatorial Republicans have won a steady one-third of the total vote since 1954 and raised this to 39 per cent last year. Despite the Democratic legislature's agonizing redistricting this year, the Republicans may win

three congressional seats next year instead of the present one.

Last year an unknown Republican candidate for governor gave a real scare to an almost equally unknown Democratic candidate. Nearly 614,000 voters gave the Republican 45 per cent of the 1,350,000 ballots. The result is intriguing because the contest pitted a conservative Republican against what passes for a pretty fair liberal in southern terms.

South Carolina. This state, which will have neither truck nor trade with congressional Republicans, gave Mr. Kennedy's opponent 48.7 per cent of its votes last year, more than it ever gave Eisenhower.

Tennessee. Andrew Jackson's state gave Nixon more votes than it gave either Eisenhower in the past or Kennedy in 1960, in which endeavour it was led by the TVA city of Chattanooga. Senator Estes Kefauver was supposed to have been in deep trouble last year but the Republican got only 35 per cent of the vote. The state's mountain Republicanism remains firm, and apparently without city support.

Texas. Twice it voted for Eisenhower, and Lyndon Johnson was just able to swing the state for Kennedy. The Republican gubernatorial vote has been increasing; it was 36 per cent of the total last year. Dallas is a hotbed of Republicanism and the cult is spreading in other cities, most notably Houston. The Dallas congressman is the only Republican one so far. In May this year Vice-President Johnson's former Senate seat was won by the man Johnson had beaten in November.

Virginia. The Old Commonwealth, or Byrdland as the cynics have it, is among those most unhappy about liberal Democracy on the national front. Senator Byrd refused to endorse Mr. Kennedy (or his opponent) and Mr. Nixon garnered 52 per cent of the ballots. Congressional District No. 10, which takes in the expanding Virginia suburbs of Washington, returns a Republican congressman as does a mixed small-city and mountain district. Republican strength in the senatorial and gubernatorial fields is imperceptible.

THE CONSERVATISM of southern Democrats is notorious, but it should be remembered that the South is the country's most conservative area. For many years economic conservatives like Senator Byrd have grudgingly put up with liberal control of the presidential party, so long as they could run the state governments to suit themselves. They express their discontent by boycotting the presidential Democrats (and voting Republican), and insisting on their own way in Congress through seniority control of the committees. Such conservatives are quite content to be presidential Republicans and congressional Democrats.

Faced with the solid conservatism of the state governments, the Republicans might seem well-advised to give the voters a real choice by putting their best liberal foot forward, thus attracting both newly-franchised Negroes and the residents of big cities who have suffered mightily from rural reactionaries in the state legislatures; presumably they could also count on the suburbanities and businessmen. The racist policies of the rural legislatures have not been distasteful only to southern Negroes — many urban whites would prefer to have their states acknowledge instead of fighting the changed state of the law; the younger people are growing increasingly unhappy about their elders' outmoded viewpoints. This

discontent might offer some little support for the Republicans but prospects are dimmed by two factors.

In the first place, even if they wanted to, southern Republicans could not escape the national party image now largely controlled by the Goldwater wing. And secondly, presidential Republicanism is bolstered by disenchanted Democrats and economic conservatives, and it is from these that a "liberal" Republican state party would have to draw its candidates. The conservative Democrats who now control the southern states might be driven into GOP organizations if liberal factions were able to seize control of the state Democratic machines. But are there enough liberal Democrats available? A few are rising to the top through the pressures of national party liberalism, but they are still in a very distinct minority. In North Carolina last year the conservative, racist wing of the Democratic party was beaten by the liberal Terry Sanford who won the governorship. It could happen in other states but so far there is no sign of it.

Men like Senator Byrd in Virginia have been having their cake and eating it too. Last year, for example, the southerners were forced to swallow a civil rights plank at the national convention; once safely back in Dixie, they denounced the plank and sought re-election so they could defeat the civil rights program in Congress. They may not be able to continue these shenanigans indefinitely. President Kennedy has had a rough time in Congress; he and his sympathizers probably see little cause for further tolerance but whether they can do something about it remains uncertain.

Adding to the southern conservative uneasiness in some quarters is the realization that it is now possible for the Democrats to win both the presidency and nominal control of Congress without their active support. What's more, in Louisiana, Virginia and Texas, nationally-minded party members are asking awkward questions about their leaders' defection from the presidential candidate. Some of the awkward ones are trying to make the point an issue in state politics.

It has been relatively painless in the past for southerners to switch from Democratic to Republican in the presidential field; making that switch in the congressional and gubernatorial fields would be much more difficult. Such a switch might be made easier if the president got bellicose, but of late he has been trying to appease the southerners so he can accomplish at least part of his program.

Presidential Republicanism is undeniably growing in the South, particularly in and around the bigger cities. The explanation varies with the location but one of the more attractive ideas is that of "nationalizing forces" in the region which concentrate their first attention on the most conspicuous office — the presidency. But whatever the reasons, there is no hard evidence that the Republicans have constructed a base of durable elements on which they could build and extend two-party competition to other levels of southern politics within the near future. A few more "oddities" like the South Carolina special election in Richland County may crop up in the news. The Republicans may well start fighting more elections that they let go by default before, and they may make further inroads in presidential terms, but it will be a long, long time before Jumbo finds good grazing on the home pastures of the South that keep the Democratic mangers well-stocked.

Foreign Conversation

A SHORT STORY BY GABRIEL GERSH

► MY WIFE AND I had seen them the first day we came to the hotel, "the English" whose presence was held out as an asset like the shower and the bathroom. They came on to the terrace at dinner time, just at the hour when the scorching heat of the day gave way to a lurid and draughty twilight, the husband in long, baggy shorts, grinning and bowing to the French couples at the other tables, the wife dressed as for a social evening at her local tennis club. They ate nothing but pension meals and never bought a drink or a pack of cigarettes. They were going to last out in the south of France a great deal longer than we were.

We speculated, that first night, about their lives in England. What was he, with his plump, permanently adolescent face, his receding hair and his school shorts? A dentist, a real estate agent, a science teacher at a fashionable public school? His accent, when he spoke in English to his wife, was both boisterous and refined. Their relationship appeared to be one of hearty camaraderie.

She was a good deal younger than he, and unexpectedly beautiful. Her features were distinguished, rather pale, their distinction accentuated by a single white lock in the front of her otherwise dead-black hair. She was small and of almost antiseptic neatness. Her great cleanliness conjured up an image of dazzling white enamel and rows of glittering instruments. She would have made an attractive and faultlessly efficient dental nurse; perhaps that was what she was.

We were the only other English-speaking couple in the hotel, but we did not strike up an acquaintance with the speed which the management expected. We spent the first days of incredible heat on the beach below the hotel, the evenings drinking under palm trees in the square of the local town. They, on the other hand, were always on the terrace of the hotel, the wife writing innumerable letters on what appeared to be mauve tissue paper, the husband clutching a detective story and talking to the outrageous woman who, the first time we saw her, we named the Parrot.

She was a French woman, the Parrot, of well past middle age and what seemed comfortable means. She was treated with special deference by the management, and her food, which she often left half finished, seemed of a superior quality to that served at the other tables. A bottle of cognac, ice bucket and straw were always by her side, and she smoked incessant American cigarettes. When we named her the Parrot, we had not heard her voice, which was musical, low, almost baritone. We saw only her extraordinary exotic and bird-like face with its hard, bright features, glittering eyes, surmounted by vivid orange hair combed into a belligerent plume. The fingers which manipulated her lighter or pack of cigarettes were gnarled and contracted. Although long past the age when such things are appropriate, she wore a white Bikini which revealed bluish blotches on her thighs, and when she stood up, which was seldom, the imprint of the canvas chair in which she spent her day could be seen on the backs of her legs.

Whenever, during those first days, we staggered back to the hotel for a bottle of sun lotion or a pack of cigar-

ettes, we found this ill-assorted trio together, the wife placidly writing, the husband and the Parrot talking incessantly, and in French. The wife did not seem to resent this endless conversation from which she was necessarily excluded. Occasionally small excerpts were translated for her benefit, but on the whole the part she played was silent and remote. The snatches of talk we overheard at first were exhaustive discussions of trivialities such as the price of Vichy water, the distance of the bathroom from the bedrooms, the bus schedule to town. Every detail of these subjects was examined joyfully by the older woman, her comments interspersed with guttural laughter. The husband, as I have said, spoke French; he rode at the language with the hectic bravery of an inexperienced rider on a spirited horse. His vocabulary was limited, his idioms mixed, his accent like that of a comic gendarme in a British film; nevertheless he stayed at the course, he was never brought to a standstill and what he lacked in grammar he made up for in wild Gallic gestures.

This conversation, tedious, totally innocent as it was when we first heard it, never wearied them; its indulgence was in itself a sufficient holiday for the husband and he became every day more jaunty in appearance; he now wore his shorts with a small black beret, and a RAF scarf was knotted around his neck. In his hour of triumph he began to irritate us, and I am afraid that the friendship which we should have struck up never materialized. We withdrew ourselves, repelled, as much as anything, by his ritual at the start of each meal, a ritual we found particularly galling.

It was so hot that we came up from the beach, after swimming, parched with thirst. The Provencal wine was indifferent and expensive, we were short of francs and compelled to temper our bottle with Vichy and ice, producing a concoction which would have been rejected by a schoolboy of nine. In these circumstances, the Parrot's long draughts of brandy and soda were a source of envy and regret. She sat at the table next to the husband and wife, who never ordered a drink at all; indeed the wife seemed to have the most abstemious habits. At the start of each meal the Parrot would offer the husband a drink. He would refuse with dignity and firmness.

"Non. Madame est trop gentille. Mais non."

As he said this he always made a little gesture with his hand, like St. Anthony resisting temptation. Again he would be pressed and, after a time, would allow a small point to be made against him.

"Mais un peu. Un tres petit peu."

Before the meal was under way he had always acquired a strong deep brandy and soda in which the ice tinkled musically.

TOWARDS THE MIDDLE of our holiday we had too much of the sun. We had eaten our lunch on the beach and then walked into the town, where we had suddenly come upon a funeral procession, led by a sweating priest, of mourners in shirt sleeves and shorts. We stood aside for it against a red-hot wall and then struggled back up the road to the hotel. We found our skin burning and our teeth chattering. We went to lie down in our bedroom which, being the cheapest, was in the annex and swarming with flies. We covered each other with towels, and suffered. Towards the evening I felt

strong enough to venture out to the terrace for a cigarette before dinner.

The terrace was divided into two parts, screened from each other by a large and luxuriant fig tree. I sat alone beside this tree. Just below the hotel there was a rampart of purple rocks and then the stretch of ancient, placid, pure-green sea without a wave or movement. Far away, a girl was swimming under water and the little pipe of her breathing mask travelled slowly across the bay. A man in a big straw hat quietly pedalled his *Pedallo* around the rocks. I decided, if the little waitress appeared, to buy myself a cognac. Just at that moment I heard, from the other side of the tree, an astonishing declaration of love. "*C'est, vrai, madame. Absolument vrais. Je vous adore.*"

The abandoned formality of this statement, which could only have come from the husband, surprised me. I supposed that he was giving his wife a lesson in French conversation until I heard it answered by the delighted, incredulous laughter of the Parrot. If they were alone, I thought it right that I should withdraw before anything further happened. I came out from behind my tree and walked past them towards the hotel.

As I did so, I saw that they were all three together; their chairs were, as always, the same distance apart. The wife was still writing industriously, her pen had not hesitated. She had obviously not understood a word. As I went through the glass doors into the hotel I heard the conversation resumed.

During the remainder of their stay my wife and I did not try to overhear what the husband was saying. We sat no nearer to their table than before. When we were on the terrace we made our presence obvious. What was said must have been as audible to the other guests as it was to us. There was nothing to show that the Parrot and the husband ever spent a moment alone together. The three of them were inseparable, but over the wife's neat, uncomprehending head, the husband was carrying on the most flagrant verbal infidelity.

It was not resumed immediately after the declaration I had overheard. At dinner that evening the approach was only a little more circumspect, although the brandy and soda was less reluctantly accepted.

"*Madame ne boit pas.*" Here the husband indicated the silent, half-smiling girl opposite him, who was carefully cleaning her knife with her table napkin. "*Ni boire, ni fumer. Elle ne partage pas dans les bonnes choses de la vie. Moi, j'adore tous les plaisirs.*" The Parrot laughed and slipped him a pack of Lucky Strikes which she had dug out of her handbag. We waited for it and, inevitably, it came: "*Elle ne me comprend pas.*"

And so it continued and, incredulously, we watched. Half ashamed, we also listened. There was no end to the confidences which the Parrot received, the husband's whole life story, his adventures during the war, his apparently far from satisfactory married life, all were painstakingly described. With the descriptions came the protestations of love, delivered in a flat voice in indifferent French and in the very presence of his wife. What, we speculated as we lay on our chairs on the other side of the fig tree, was it all for? As we calculated how many more days' holidays we could afford, as we considered the numerous ways of raising more money, it occurred to us that the whole affair might be a contrivance to flatter the Parrot for the sake of her

brandy, her Lucky Strikes, perhaps an occasional thousand franc note. It was a possible explanation, but I did not believe it was the correct one. I believed, as I lay and watched the sea during that second, sunburnt part of our holiday, when we had given ourselves up to complete indolence, that what was happening was a genuine expression of passion, a surrender to love as complete as that reckless coast had ever witnessed.

As I saw it, there was a tarnished magnetism about the Parrot, an aged and shameless nakedness, a complete lack of taste or discernment, which must have gone to the head of the husband like wine. I could imagine how the acrid smell of her cigarettes, the musky smell of her perfume, even the loose blotchiness of her skin, might have come as a revelation after the clear English air, the plump, muscular bodies developed by a hundred tennis tournaments. In his abandonment to it I saw the husband as a victim of the stagnant, matriarchal Mediterranean into which, metaphorically speaking, he had plunged to escape the cold efficiency of his northern wife. I even found in his ecstatic verbal exhibition something both alarming and sincere. His infidelity, after all, could have taken a different form, he could have visited the Casino, even discovered a brothel. As it was, passionate and economical, he poured out his heart to an elderly woman on the terrace.

And as he talked the carefully written sheets of note-paper accumulated on the wife's pad; she wrote, half smiling, letters which I imagined described the scenery, the food, the curious bedrooms with their stone floors, to numberless aunts and cousins. Her ignorance, her gullibility seemed to increase as the days passed. Her clean, untroubled little profile seemed to represent the uncomprehending attitude of all northerners to the ancient idea of passion. In her aloofness she acquired a certain power; it was clear that her husband would return to England with her, that they would resume their lives as if nothing had happened and probably never refer to the woman on the terrace again. The whole incident would be forgotten, and I was sure of this even after what happened on the day of their departure.

It was early in the morning, after the arrival of the flies but before the day became unbearably hot. I had been for a swim before breakfast and was walking back to the hotel when I passed their car, parked under a tree. It was a new, little Morris and the husband was checking the engine in preparation for the long journey ahead. He smiled at me, and for the first time his smile was not hearty, it was apologetic, confiding, almost wistful. I passed him as if nothing had happened.

And then I saw his wife. She was standing by the open door of their bedroom annex talking to the brown-skinned, pretty daughter of the proprietor, who acted as the chambermaid. The wife was dressed for the journey in a blue and white spotted dress with a cardigan slung around her shoulders. She gave the girl a tip and then I stopped, horrified, as I heard her say, "*Mettez nos valises dans la voiture, s'il vous plaît, Marie.*"

After breakfast we saw them bump away up the tract between bamboo trees to the main road. A child had written a rude French word on the dust on the back of their car. They sat together in the front, their secrets unshared. The hot, acrid, gorgeous coastline would soon be far behind them.

Four Poems

SEYMOUR MAYNE

A WINTER WITHOUT WIND

Not one blasted poem
to throw at the paunchy snowmen
whose shadows slump
beside the sagging piles,
to rattle the puckered garbage cans—
so their rusted bottoms give way.

Whoever heard of a winter
without wind?

—I curse.—

Without roofs blow off,
or snow dunes,

curved and sighing!
When the wrinkled ice
snickered under a handkerchief
of snow

like elated old fathers.

11.30 A.M. POEM

City, you are under my feet,
below this window sill—

your siren cars
like maimed bugs dart
for protection.

Your neon sizzles across my eyeglasses
red & red & more red—
glossed jungle fruits
swinging in and out of shadows;

yet your traffic lights blink
as if waiting . . .
waiting for the black trains,
—their heated lungs puffing

in rhythm to hidden tom toms—
to rip around
your grey-boned corners;
& with everyone boarding

leave you still
as a mechanical toy
after closing hours—
but for this watchman,
tinkering

MUTTERINGS OF A "HALF-DEAD"

Jagged lightning:
saw's edge.

Sawdust clouds puff out . . .
Two moon tips
hammer

raindrop nails,
Twisting wind screws
thunder

This carpentring
—MY COFFIN!

SONG OF A HEALTHY ONE

Faggots! if I jump my red-hot toes
upon the ground
your cracked seventeen-year-old skin
wd. begin to crack

Like yellow plastered walls.
If I laugh
your hearts quake like bloated
pimples.

When I run you cart your brickety
selves to the opposite direction.

More! More! my feet, face,
& legs,

Bounce, BOUNCE! they'll clear
out of my sights

To cower like bacteria in
nooks & niches,
Or under cesspool surfaces.

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by

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IN THIS VOLUME, the first substantial collection since *THIS GREEN EARTH* in 1953, Arthur S. Bourinot has gathered, not all but many of his poems which have seemed more or less popular (by reason of wide distribution), if that word can be used in connection with poetry, and that have appeared in anthologies and school books in Canada, the U.S.A., the United Kingdom, and other countries. Most of them were included in volumes now out of print. An original drawing by the Canadian artist, Thoreau MacDonald, illustrates the poem, *SHADOWS*. The jacket drawing depicts Paul Bunyan as seen by the author. The book was designed by William Colgate who supervised its production.

Copies may be ordered from the author, Arthur S. Bourinot,
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Books Reviewed

ST. ANTONY'S PAPERS, No. 10: African Affairs, No. 2:
Ed K. Kirkwood; Clarke, Irwin and Co.; pp. 164; \$4.00.

This volume contains eight essays ranging from a very detailed analysis of a Moslem reformist movement in Nigeria (the Ahmadiyya) to the problems of statistical sampling in the Central African Federation. The diversity of subject matter not only symbolizes the disappearance of the general Africanist who confidently surveyed the whole of sub-Saharan Africa, but also poses difficult problems for the reviewer. Nevertheless some common threads can be discerned. The African, rather than the settler or the imperial power, now dominates academic interest and political concern. It is significant that the only paper with a focus of interest geographically outside of Africa concerns the status of African research in the Soviet Union. It is pointed out that Soviet interest in Africa, a phenomenon of the fifties, is blinded to the realities of change in Africa by Marxist dogma and party considerations. This is due not only to the necessities of the cold war but also to a fundamental lack of comprehension springing from Marxist preconceptions. This lack of empathy with African nationalist movements is indicated by a quote from Sékou Touré, usually regarded by westerners as the leading African Marxist. Touré asserts categorically that Marxist philosophy "ne nous interesse pas. Nous avons de besoins concrete . . ." Touré's quote is used by Thomas Hodgkin in *A Note on the Language of African Nationalism* to illustrate the eclecticism of emergent nationalist thought. Hodgkin, who confines himself to African thought expressed in the languages of Europe, concludes that its content is closer to Rousseau than to Marx.

W. H. Whiteley deals with the linguistic problem of translating western political concepts into Swahili. In an admittedly exploratory essay there is some fascinating but all too brief discussion of the relations between language, nationalism and political behavior. With the premise that the nature of political action is related to popular conceptions of what constitutes politics, Whiteley cogently illustrates the importance of research in this virgin field of African political linguistics. Important questions of political stability are raised when the Nyakyusa rendering of "politician" is "a man who works against the government," and by one definition of politics as "the disturbance of local and central government, by refusing to obey the law, pay poll-tax . . .; politics means striking for higher wages . . ." Whiteley opens up an important research field into the differing degrees of awareness and understanding of politics and government among different strata of the population speaking a diversity of languages often ill-equipped for the expression of the thought patterns underlying the new political institutions being introduced as *Uhuru* (freedom) sweeps all before it.

The concluding paper deals with the Union of South Africa where the Nationalists, having gained *Uhuru* for themselves, are adamant that its diffusion to others must be resisted at all cost. In *The General Election of 1958 and After*, Edgar H. Brookes, a former Senator representing the Africans of Natal and Zululand, presents an almost totally pessimistic account of the future prospects facing the Union. Humanly speaking, he sees no

way out of the impasse produced by Nationalist policy and no way of reasonable men gaining political power in time to ward off the nemesis awaiting those unable to adjust to the pace of change and the intensity of African demands. Fundamentally this paper is a moving personal document by a wise and sympathetic man doomed to the Sisyphean task assigned to those who care and are possessed of foresight—"to do right in circumstances of extraordinary difficulty and to leave the results to God." It is a fitting conclusion to any book dealing with the human problems engendered by the sudden postwar emergence of the African from long years of subservience.

Other essays in this useful collection deal with the concept of separate development in African urban areas in the Union, and with the Government General and political change in French West Africa.

ALAN CAIRNS

FOUR THOUSAND YEARS AGO, A PANORAMA OF LIFE IN THE SECOND MILLENIUM B.C.: Geoffrey Bibby; McClelland and Stewart; pp. 398; \$6.95.
CAMONICA VALLEY: Emmanuel Anati; McClelland and Stewart; pp. 262; \$5.95.

Four thousand years into the past takes us back almost to 2,000 B.C. and it is good to remind ourselves that four or five generations ago, historians had very little to say about history in 2,000 B.C. They knew of myths and legends stretching into the distant past: there was, for instance, the story of the Trojan war, fought over that beautiful vamp Helen who was rightly the wife of the king of Sparta, Menelaus, but ran off (some say willingly) with a young prince of Troy named Paris. No responsible historian believed there was a Trojan war, however, until the archaeologist Heinrich Schliemann discovered the ancient city of Troy. Schliemann insisted there was a Troy and a Trojan war, because he was a romantic, and therefore (fortunately for the progress of ancient history) he was not a responsible historian.

Most of what we now know of history between 2000 and 1000 B.C. comes from archaeology. In some places, such as Egypt, Crete or Mesopotamia, archaeologists have uncovered written documents, inscribed on papyrus, baked clay tablets or stone, but most ancient sites have only mute evidence to present. We can learn how a man in southern England buried his dead in 1500 B.C., what kind of pottery he used, what ornaments he wore, even within limits, what he looked like. But we can only make tentative guesses about his hopes and aspirations.

Specialists in archaeology are always cautious when it comes to making guesses, but lately there has arisen a new breed of popularizers who rush in where specialists fear to tread. C. W. Ceram was one of the first with his *Gods, Graves and Scholars*, and Geoffrey Bibby was not far behind with his *The Testimony of the Spade*, about prehistoric life in northern Europe. Now Bibby returns with a second book: a history of life in the second millennium before Christ.

How much do we know about this period? It was a period of great building: great temples were reared in Egypt, vast palaces in Crete and mainland Greece; in England, Stonehenge was built, and later remodelled. The Egyptian empire rises and sinks into decadence; the Indo-European people move into Europe and south

into Asia. It must have been a time of great movements: Cretans may have been in Britain when Stonehenge was being built, for there are Cretan symbols carved into the great pylons there. Scandinavian traders could have visited Greece. Certainly there were commercial relations between northern Europe and the Mediterranean world. The millenium ended in a period of unrest. Troy was captured and burned. The Hittite empire in Asia Minor fell before a wave of invaders and passed into oblivion. Egypt was attacked by sea-raiders, among them perhaps the Etruscans who later settled in Italy, and the Philistines who moved into Palestine and gave their name to it. The iron age was beginning.

One of the important trade routes during this period was the road by which amber was brought from the Jutland peninsula in north Europe to the Mediterranean. The road ran down the valleys of the Elbe and the Danube, through the Alps to the head of the Adriatic Sea, and from there the amber was carried by ship to the markets in Crete, mainland Greece and the Near East. Close beside this route is the Camonica Valley in the Italian Alps, where there lived a little community which passed out of history when it was incorporated into the Roman Empire in 16 B.C.

But from the late stone age to 16 B.C., the Camonica valley community displays a remarkable cultural continuity. And it left documentary evidence of its cultural life in the form of rock carvings which were known to exist since 1914, but they were neglected until the young Israeli archaeologist Emmanuel Anati visited the valley in 1956. *Camonica Valley* is a popularized report of Anati's investigations.

The best part of Anati's book is his cautious but logical interpretation of the symbolic significance these rock carvings had. At last an archaeologist is trying to grasp what the men were like who left behind art and artifacts for him to find. The study of *Camonica Valley* leaves one with the strong impression that there may be soon some startling discoveries in Italian prehistory.

J. A. S. EVANS

THE BOLD BRAHMINS, NEW ENGLAND'S WAR AGAINST SLAVERY (1831-1863); Lawrence Lader; Illustrated; Clarke, Irwin; pp. 318; \$5.75.

I had a bad moment or two in commencing this book. It begins: "There was a din of rushing feet through Boston's cobbled streets that afternoon of October 21, 1835. Men came running out from Central Wharf and India Wharf where columns of proud masts etched the greying sky . . ." It looked as if I were in for the all-too-familiar tuppeny-coloured popular history, thick with clichés, Timese and purple passages, mythical weather reports, shouts that we doubt ever got shouted, apotheoses and celestial choirs. This turned out to be a quite erroneous impression. Histrionics do frequently turn up later on, but they are justified and subordinated to the general pattern of the book. *The Bold Brahmins* proves to be a solidly researched, skilfully organized and competently written work, and one that covers an area that has been badly neglected both by academic and popular historians.

At a time when every last dreary little battle on unimportant sectors of forgotten Civil War fields is being relentlessly dragged out by writers eager to cash in on an apparently insatiable centenary public appetite, Mr. Lader turns his back on the "how" and goes thoroughly into the "why." The abolitionists have in

recent years been among the most maligned of men, held directly responsible by some historians for starting the Civil War, and written off by others as cranks. Mr. Lader shows them for what they were, the rightful inheritors of the Puritan tradition, firm in principle but supple in tactics, not war-mongers, but cleaving to the last to peaceful means wherever possible. When war came, however, they did not shrink from the blood-bath rendered inevitable by the intransigents of the South. Many of the abolitionists and their sons fought and perished.

Mr. Lader gives superb accounts of many of the men and women who made the movement: the aging John Quincy Adams, Garrison, Wendell Phillips, T. W. Higginson, Harriet Beecher Stowe, the Grimké sisters, who abandoned their aristocratic homes in Charleston to battle against slavery, Charles Sumner, John Brown and Robert Gould Shaw. His sweep includes the fugitive-slave hunt up and down New England, bloody Kansas and, in a final set-piece, the heroic and ill-starred assault on Fort Wagner by Colonel Shaw and his negro troops.

More important, he traces the ways in which a small and dedicated group of abolitionists changed the course of history by turning the North from self-interested pro-slavery sentiment to the path of emancipation. He demonstrates that the abolitionists finally gave the decisive turn to the War by changing the purpose of the North from an effort to save the Union into a crusade for freedom. The Emancipation Proclamation that Lincoln was at last persuaded to sign did more, Henry Adams wrote, "than all our former victories and all our diplomacy." The European powers refused to recognise the Confederate States, and their defeat was sealed.

The book is weak only in its infrequent attempts to analyze the broad historical forces at work in the period. Mr. Lader tries to generalize grandly about what he calls the "psychoeconomic" causation of history without much evidence about either the psycho or the economic factors. The whole story of the causes of the war cannot, of course, be told without a complementary survey of both the Southern state of mind and economy. Someone should do a book entitled "The Fearless F.F.V.'s" or something similar. But when he remains within the limits of his subject, Mr. Lader writes authoritatively and judiciously. He is not blind to the defects of his heroes, whom he calls 'generally grim, insufferably self-righteous, and unshakably rigid,' but he points out, rightly I think, that the cause of their misrepresentation in history exists not so much in these unlovable qualities as in the fact that they disturb us too much. "Any movement that makes us face the crucial flaw in our own soul," he writes, "is a jarring reminder not only of past failures but of unfinished responsibilities." Popular history this book may be, but it is also history written with sufficient distinction and power to assert the truth of the contention that much historical writing is a mirror not so much of the past as of ourselves.

PETER BUITENHUIS

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STUDIES IN WORDS; C. S. Lewis; Macmillan; pp. 232; \$4.25.

Mr. Lewis' recent book is a series of informal essays on the semantic relations of seven English words and their cognates with certain classical and European words. He disclaims any attempt to study philological changes or derivations; his major concern is with words as they contribute to the history of ideas. Four of the words discussed ("Sad, with *Gravis*"; "Wit, with *Ingenium*"; "Free, with *Eleutherios*, *Liberal*, *Frank*, etc."; "Simple," with some reference to *Simplex*) receive comparatively summary treatment; the chapters on "Nature, with *Phusis*, *Kind*, *Physical*, etc."; "Sense, with *Sentence*, *Sensibility*, and *Sensible*", and "Conscience and Conscience" explore in greater detail "the history of thought and sentiment" which underlies the semantic biographies of these words. If the reader feels that much of Mr. Lewis's ground has been covered by earlier scholars, that little of what he has to say is new, the gracefully attractive style of presentation does much to compensate for the absence of new perspectives. And there seems to be no reason to deny the validity of Popian "true wit" as applied to the semanticist; the author's discourse in this volume does reflect "what oft was thought, but ne'er so well expressed".

In his Introduction Mr. Lewis defines his general attitude toward language and also the principles that govern the *modus operandi* of his "studies". As an instrument of communication, language, he observes, is at its best when it is capable of making "the finest and most numerous distinctions of meaning". Thought about words (as distinguished from thought *with* words) may induce a "momentary aphasia", but it may also lead to a greater awareness of the ways in which words lose their edge and sharpness, or (what is rarer) acquire "a new edge that serves some different purpose". And herein lies the moral function of the semantic historian and critic: to give a new sense of responsibility to the language.

Mr. Lewis's method combines lexicography and the history of ideas in such a way as to define the critical method of the semanticist. But he seems to skirt the fact that in any age marked by philosophic change poets seek to redefine and reevaluate critical terminology. Dryden's attempts to revitalize language and T. S. Eliot's consciousness of the need "to purify the dialect of the tribe" and of the poetic responsibility to face "the intolerable" wrestle with words and meanings" are but two examples of the poet's perennial interest in words and their interpretation. To describe the final state of a word as "a semantic sediment" is, in a pejorative sense, to deny the dynamic character of language itself. Mr. Lewis runs the risk of fallacious and sophistical argument when he defines the dominant sense of any word as its "dangerous sense". But in another way such an argument does emphasise the continuous life of a word's history and can give the reader a greater awareness of a word's extrinsic and intrinsic meanings.

The final chapters of *Studies in Words* raises some new theoretical questions with respect to the interpretation of poetry. The discussion focusses here upon a distinction between "emotive" language (language whose function is to arouse emotion) and "emotional" language (language whose function is to express emotion). Poetry, by creating imaginatively the grounds

for the emotion it seeks to communicate, provides "something more than emotion; only by means of that something does it communicate the emotion at all." From this kind of distinction emerges "an important principle":

In general, emotional words, to be effective, must not be solely emotional. What expresses or stimulates emotion directly, without the intervention of an image or concept, expresses or stimulates it feebly . . . As words become exclusively emotional they cease to be words and therefore of course cease to perform any strictly linguistic function.

Good criticism must, then, beware of this kind of charged language (an argument at least as old as the essays of Dryden and Pope); the impulse to write the "slashing review" should be firmly repressed.

In its passage from semantic to poetic considerations, Mr. Lewis's "wit" loses much of its distinction. As a set of footnotes to the history of ideas, the book is stimulating and provocative. The range of learning is impressive, the observation is acute, and the style felicitous. But one feels that deceptions inevitably exist in the freedom and facility with which illustrative examples are chosen, and also that the movement from a study of words and their interpretation to speculations upon the language of poetry is achieved only by means of a devious and questionable logic.

GEORGE FALLE

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SUMMER COTTAGE ACCIDENT

His leg seemed to flutter on the bed
Like a dying bird.
Each toe had pores
And breathed with the swell of his lungs.
Nervous fingers of flame danced
In his kneecap
And pictures of ballet dances
Undulated on the ceiling like weeds in a quiet river
He smiled, lips twisting
With the bitter tightness of knowledge
of his amputation
And the nurses said
"Oh, look, he must be feeling better."

Thelma Dickman

THE CUBAN STORY: Herbert L. Matthews; S. J. Saunders; pp. 318; \$4.50.

Mr. Matthews is a distinguished reporter for *The New York Times* whose 1957 interview with Fidel Castro, then an outlaw in the Sierra Maestra, crumpled Battista claims that Castro was dead and fanned a spark of revolutionary fervor in Cuba. As Matthews quotes Jaime Benitez, Chancellor of the University of Puerto Rico, the Cuban revolution "was made by Castro with the support of the Cuban people, and be it said in fairness of *The New York Times*—whose stories and editorials helped to make Castro and his movement acceptable to as yet undecided Cubans—and of all the liberal press and progressive opinion throughout the United States." Matthews wrote most of these stories and continues to produce the editorials which now reflect his increasingly critical attitude toward Castro's revolution.

The Cuban Story seems to me by far the most judicious and penetrating account available of the events since Matthews' memorable and risky rendezvous with the gallant rebels. Although he expresses sympathy and admiration for Castro and for the original idea of a humanistic and socialistic revolution, Matthews respects both the facts and his readers; there is none of the undocumented bludgeoning which sometimes muddles the reader of *Listen Yankee*. Matthews sets out to describe, to evaluate, and to explain: to describe Castro and the revolution as they were in those stirring first days; to evaluate the Cuban revolution as of Summer 1961, after defection, invasion, and a turn toward "bastard Communism"; and to explain the significance of this revolution for Latin America and for us North Americans who have failed to grasp its meaning.

For Matthews, Castro is an heroic leader, a rare and inspiring battler against overwhelming odds, but a victim of his own limitations and of hostile forces beyond his control, having to do with the natures of Latin Americans, of revolutions in general, and of North Americans. In my opinion Matthews is right in stating that Anglo-Saxons can fathom neither the Latin political instinct which commits itself to men, not abstract principles, nor the essence of a real revolution, aimed at wrecking the social structure for the purpose of rebuilding from the foundations up. Yet, the roots of today's Cuba are grounded in these concepts, little noticed and less appreciated in the United States.

As Matthews points out, democracy in our sense, the rule of law, hardly exists in Latin America, although as a rhetorical tool, the word is overworked. I would add that democracy demands a particular type of social character, based on reciprocity and obedience to abstract norms; the Latin American character tends towards feudalism with its basis in personal loyalty to the *caudillo* or *patron*. Further, the abysmal conditions of life in Latin America drive men to grab bread before freedom, and more often poverty joins with oppression to drug the population into apathy which turns all thoughts of social progress into an opium dream. According to Matthews, whatever history's verdict on Castro, he has liberated the latent energy of a depressed nation; the whole country, not just Havana's flashy nightclubs, has come vividly alive. Matthews argues that whether or not one approves of Castro's aims, only revolutionary means could have achieved them.

Matthews believes the goals of the Cuban revolution and its real achievements justify the struggle and vio-

lence, but he blames Castro for failing to turn his one-man show into an institutionalized democracy. Part of the trouble is Castro's grandiosity, the messianic flame that fed him in his mountain hideout; part is political power amassed that walls him off from the people. But Matthews reasons that the threat to Cuba from the North thickens these walls and shoves the possibility of democracy further into the future. He feels that if we had been willing to aid a non-communist social revolution and swallow some loss of property, Cuba would not be veering Communist. Our anger and our economic retaliation has goaded Cuba to the only markets open to her and inflated Communist influence not only in Cuba but throughout Latin America. To make matters worse for us, we have donated pages of free advertising for the Communists, buttressing their image as a force powerful and frightening—to the Yanquis. It would seem that we had purposely set out to strengthen a group which could seduce all those whose rebelliousness and feelings of impotence seek a strong facade. As Matthews writes, "It was exactly what they (the Communists) needed to build them up and to attract adherents. The psychology of Fidel Castro and other young revolutionaries was such that the more they were attacked for being Communists, or the dupes of Communists, the more difficult it became to oppose Communism if they wanted to. For Fidel, especially, to turn against the Reds would have seemed like truckling to the United States, yielding to American threats, and he would rather have his throat cut than do that." This comment of course implies as much about Castro as it does about our own errors.

Matthews is not sure that we have irrevocably lost Castro's Cuba; a change of policy might still pull the Cubans from the Communist fraternity. However, unless we digest the realities of Latin America, Cuba will mark the first in a series of defeats. The encrusted ruling groups that refuse to pay taxes and stash their profits in Swiss banks, the antiquated methods of production, the corruption and poverty—these are the enemies which progressive Latin Americans have vowed to conquer, with our help preferably, but if not then with Communist aid. The moral of Matthews' Cuban Story is that unless we work at shaping nascent revolutionary forces to the democratic image, they will freeze into the Russian, or even more disastrously the Chinese, mould. For the sad fact is that until now, we have created no viable alternative to Fidel Castro.

MICHAEL MACCOBY

OVERTURE TO VICTORIA; McKenzie Porter; Longmans, Green; pp. 204; \$5.50.

This biography of Edward, Duke of Kent, the father of Queen Victoria, is primarily designed to thrill those who find it exciting that a member of the royal family spent ten years in Canada. Mr. Porter tries to make Edward into a herald of twentieth-century monarchy, and so he was by comparison with some of George III's other sons, but this is not a very high standard.

In 1789, at the age of twenty-two he became attached to Mme. Julie de St. Laurent, with whom he lived very happily for twenty-seven years. From 1790 to 1803 he commanded troops in Gibraltar, Quebec, Halifax and the West Indies; he acquired a reputation as a martinet, and after a mutiny broke out during his second command at Gibraltar he was gently pushed into retirement. For

the next ten years he patronised popular movements for improvement in England, including those of Robert Owen, a point of which Mr. Porter makes a great deal without explaining why Hanoverian princes habitually went in for opposition to the government. After Waterloo he retired to Brussels to live cheaply and pay his debts.

So far as the story has any vitality, it owes it to the personality of Mme. de St. Laurent, who was charming, witty, light-hearted, everything that Edward was not. Mr. Porter has found out a good deal about her, though he cannot say whether Edward went through a marriage ceremony with her in Quebec or not. Their descendants in Canada and Australia can be traced; she died in Quebec at the age of 106. She looked after Edward's household with a grace that captivated everybody, soothed him when he showed signs of feeling persecuted in later life, and kept discreetly out of the limelight all the time. When George III's only grandchild died in 1817, Edward separated from her, left Brussels, married a German princess, fathered a daughter—the future queen—and died, all within two years.

Edward was in fact pretty dull, and Mr. Porter tries to put him in a better light by denigrating everybody around him. This leads him to silly statements, like a suggestion that the Stuarts habitually married Englishwomen, or that the future William IV should not have spoken in favour of mercy to adulterers because he was himself living in sin. The rather unreasonable attacks on George III omit George's special contribution to his sons' problems. He had an Act pushed through Parliament which made royal marriages invalid unless contracted with the monarch's permission: it stopped Edward from marrying Julie (a valid marriage, however secret, would have made Victoria illegitimate), and it encouraged all George's sons to avoid marriage, to escape having to expose their partners to a royal veto.

Mr. Porter mentions this Act only once, and confuses it with the Act of Settlement, but leaves out little else to George III's discredit. He sees, freeing himself from one cliché, that "Victorian" respectability began a generation before 1837 and was a reaction to the French Revolution—a sort of Moral Rearmament that worked—but he does not see that George did a lot to help the cause of respectability. For the monarchy to have any influence, it needed either political powers or respectability, and while Edward was not as disturbing to the middle-class as his brothers, he did nothing to make the monarchy more popular or more respected. George III managed to do both, and thus he retrieved royal influence after losing its political power during the American War of Independence. If Victoria had cared to look back at her ancestors, not an appetising sight, she could very well have settled on George III after Yorktown as the nearest to an example that they had to offer.

TREVOR LLOYD

TISH: A MAGAZINE OF VANCOUVER POETRY:
edited by Frank Davey, 3591 West 11th Avenue,
Vancouver 8, B.C. Free but donations accepted.
CATARACT, edited by Seymour Mayne, 4975 Isabella
Avenue, Montreal 29. 35c per issue.

I collect little magazines. One of the pleasures of collecting them is the pleasure of being able, within one lifetime, to collect the entire run of dozens of them. Mass circulation magazines do not have this added incentive

CHRISTMAS BOOKS

COLLINS

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HOLY WEEK: by Louis Aragon

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This book is Aragon's masterpiece, more than an historical novel of Napoleon's return from Elba it is a prose epic of a major turning point in history as it presented itself both to a nation and to the individuals of every sort who lived through it. (Hamish Hamilton).

THE PROF IN TWO WORLDS

(The Biography of F. A. Lindemann)

By **Lord Birkenhead**

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A brilliant scientist, an eccentric, friend and colleague of Winston Churchill, *eminence grise*, C. P. Snow's villain—all this and much more could be said about this extraordinary man who excited warm friendship and bitter dislike. Lord Birkenhead, his friend of many years, has written his official biography.

A PRIDE OF LIONS

(A Biography of Napoleon's Mother)

By **Monica Stirling**

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Napoleon's mother was a woman of outstanding beauty, courage, energy and dignity. Throughout her long life she never ceased to be the centre of the extraordinary Bonaparte family. A fascinating biography of a woman about whom all too little is known.

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A concise and thought-provoking discussion of the transformation of the British Empire into the Commonwealth. The first Harvey T. Reid Lecture on Current Affairs, given at Acadia University by the author, a Professor of British Commonwealth Relations at the Royal Institute of International Affairs.

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THE HEART OF THE HUNTER

By Laurens van der Post

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" . . . seems to me the most personal, moving, and profound book he has written so far. I know of no other writer who can paint the African scene in depth so richly as he; not merely what things look like, but their essence under the skin. Here he makes us partners in a deeply felt experience; this is vintage van der Post."—Elspeth Huxley, writer and authority on Africa.

GROWING: by Leonard Woolf

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A noted man of letters resumes the fascinating chronicle of his long and eventful life as the husband of Virginia Woolf and contemporary of Lytton Strachey and Maynard Keynes, begun in *Sowing*. This volume tells the story of his seven years as a Civil Servant in Ceylon, and the strange, exotic way of life he found there.

WHEN MY GIRL COMES HOME

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"If the mantle of H. G. Wells has fallen on Mr. Pritchett's shoulders . . . then its present wearer carries it with an air that is all his own; and this new collection shows him at his quirky, discerning best. It also emphasizes the fact that—again like Wells—Pritchett is a really superb technician."—Peter Green, *Saturday Review*.

PANTALOON OR THE VALEDICTION

By Philip Toynbee

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Written in the form of a semi-ironical epic, this new book by a writer of intellectual distinction and imaginative prose is designed to be the first volume of a series in which, through the central character, the principal attitudes and experiences of our time will be explored, as well as the picaresque history of the hero.

MY DEAREST UNCLE — LEOPOLD I OF THE BELGIANS

By Joanna Richardson

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"One of the most extraordinary romances in history" was the way an English admirer summed up the life of the first King of the Belgians (1790-1865) and his career justified the description. Born a minor German princeling, he almost became King Consort of England and he will always be remembered as the "dearest Uncle" of the young Victoria.

of built-in obsolescence; such magazines as *Canadian Literature* and the *University of Toronto Quarterly* look like they will continue forever. But little magazines have an obsession with the present. They are so much of the contemporary scene that they deny the fact that they are really as much the "printed word" as are books. They do this in order not to embalm literature, but to propagandize it, to act as a midwife of poets.

After reading the first two issues of *Tish*, and the most recent issue of *Cataract*, I have come to the conclusion that there is a type of poem known as the "little magazine poem." There is a vast graveyard on the periphery of American letters known as "little magazine literature." This graveyard is inhabited by ghosts whose work will appear and reappear in little magazines from now to kingdom come, but as writers they will never appear in broad daylight, because as "work" their writing does not really exist. Hence there is such a thing as the "little magazine poet," but happily Canada has had few of these. Of course good poets occasionally publish in little magazines, but invariably their best work never appears in the barely legible mimeo mag pages: it is reserved for the quality or mass magazines.

Of the two publications, *Tish* is the more lively. It has as its subtitle "A Magazine of Vancouver Poetry" but this is inexact, since the magazine is primarily the organ of a group of very young poets writing within the halls of U.B.C. In fact, *Tish* might be considered a reaction, on an undergraduate level, to *Prism*, which is a reaction, on the graduate level, to *Canadian Literature*, etc. *Tish* has the standard format of the irregularly appearing little magazine: it is mimeographed on legal-sized stationery and the average issue composes fourteen pages held dexterously together with a single staple. In addition to Frank Davey, there are four contributing editors, whose work and artistic credos have been featured in the magazine to date: George Bowering, James Reid, David Dawson and Fred Wah.

The curious feature of *Tish* is that it is "beat." It seems a bit strange to read in a Vancouver magazine a longish essay on the poetics of Philip Whalen, and to struggle over such phrases as the "natural association of object/action/words." But then all Canada's cultural revolutions have been imported, abortive and a bit late. Probably the best poems in the first two issues are by the editor Frank Davey, whose poem "Today is destroy old poems day" would be a fitting motto for the magazine itself. But then publications such as *Tish* do not exist primarily to publish poems. They are as much concerned with the "poetic" as they are with poems. But they are happiest when publishing poets rather than poems.

Cataract is a different story. This is a more sophisticated literary magazine, and it offers fewer unintelligent failures and many more minor successes. *Cataract* is about the size of a pocket book. It has thirty-two pages and a printed one-color cover. The editor is Seymour Mayne whose economical Catullus-like lyrics are quite interesting. Leonard Angel is a new poet whose work demonstrates the effectiveness of understatement, and Sydney Aster shows another form of economy—all these are unusual characteristics in young writers, and probably result from having a craftsman like Irving Layton around as a coach. However, the best poems in *Cataract* are by Henry Moscovitch, who has an ear for rhythm and an eye for images, who writes a sharp

clipped colloquial line. Some of the poems in *Cataract* are from his recent book *The Laughing Storm* which, the magazine reminds us, sells for one dollar.

From Vancouver to Montreal, from *Tish* to *Cataract*. Editors of both magazines would prefer contributions of a poetic rather than a monetary order, but while the first may be declined, the latter never are.

J. R. COLOMBO

JOB-STUDY

I must have lost it
somewhere between the station and the
St. Regis. Anywhere there's the waiter
waiting and I have to
pull another quick inspector routine
flashing my badge like I've been
intending to do it all along though
actually feeling for change. He
doesn't like it but
he leaves the beer. He's not stupid.
Later on I'm home
eating supper and there's this
bang at the front door. Some
greasy-haired hood-kid leering at me.
"What the Christ now?" me ready to plant
my boot toe in his crotch. But's he's
not fishing for his switch-blade no
he pulls out this brown leather . . .
"Wheredjagedit! My wallet!" He's still
all gums. I check the money.
Nothing's missing. This guy is an idiot.
I console myself afterwards
with the thought that he's a
pickpocket who apparently
lost his nerve when he realized
I was a policeman. He's not stupid.

FINDIAN SNRAEK

ODDS

There in the mud
patches that showed
first in the snow
at the foot of the slag pile
behind the smelter, or
on the school grounds where the ice
had turned to gritty slush
we'd squat at the game; chapped
fingers stiffening in the wind
a circle scratched with a stick
enclosing the small glass
balls; mine, the dull chipped one
—lucky! The superintendant's boy (that sap)
had a feeble shot, but
his marble bag was always fat
When I showed my winnings to
the Old Man, he
coughed, almost collapsing his
leaded lungs in pride

FINDIAN SNRAEK

CHRISTMAS BOOKS

S. J. REGINALD SAUNDERS

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By Rt. Hon. Iain MacLeod

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SCORE: THE STRATEGY OF TAKING TESTS

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The author of *How to Lie with Statistics*, believing it is man's moral duty to attack all tests with every resource at his command, writes on the art of passing examinations without actually cheating. This is an irreverent book, a manual of strategy, an armoury of weapons and techniques, written with humor and some malice.

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An examination of contemporary Canadian society by a group of academics and administrators who share a left-of-centre viewpoint, and a conviction that Canadians "were being lulled into accepting a glitter of prosperity which covered a reality of purposelessness, mediocrity, and inequity."

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Proceedings of the 30th Couchiching Conference

Edited by D. L. B. Hamlin

paper \$2.00

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THE SUN IS AXEMAN: by D. G. Jones

\$3.00

This second volume by a young Canadian poet is further evidence of an impressive gift for poetic expression and a high degree of sensibility, sympathy, and insight to inform it. This is a remarkably sustained achievement, quiet, eminently readable, highly intelligent, expertly cadenced and eloquent.

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WHAT IVAN KNOWS THAT JOHNNY DOESN'T

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This profoundly disturbing book is a comparison of American with Russian school curricula, proving that science is not the only subject in which Johnny lags behind Ivan. Cold, harsh facts are presented in contrasting lesson plans covering reading, literature, geography and history. Here, for the first time, is a fascinating report on the techniques used in Soviet schools.

CREATING A ROLE

By Constantin Stanislavski

\$5.95

Translated by Elizabeth Reynolds Hapgood, edited by Hermine I. Popper.

This sequel to AN ACTOR PREPARES and BUILDING A CHARACTER deals with the actual preparation of a role, from the first reading of a play practically to the time the actor walks on the stage before an audience. Using principally three great plays, Stanislavski shows how a role is brought alive systematically and does it with that simple magic that is a part of his genius.

BUT NOT IN SHAME:

The Six Months After Pearl Harbor

By John Toland

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The man who wrote Battle: The Story of the Bulge, now tells for the first time the controversial story of the dark months after Pearl Harbor . . . months that were filled with mystery, controversy, suspense, infamous and inspiring events, personalities both famous and notorious.

THE KENNEDY GOVERNMENT: Stan Opatowsky; Clarke, Irwin; pp. 208; \$4.50.

This is a breezy journalistic account of the men who compose President Kennedy's cabinet and high administrative staff. The material is on the whole gossipy and superficial—the sort of information that leaves the impression that the men themselves are shallow careerists more concerned with personal advantage than the national interest. Little attempt is made to assess their qualities of mind, their values or their policies, while much is said about their previous jobs, incomes, social standing, clothes and other externals. However, the book is informative and interesting, especially to those who have not read the American Sunday supplements and periodical press. Perhaps this makes it of more general interest to Canadians who do not follow American affairs than to U.S. residents themselves.

The style is pure journalese: racy and irreverent. This may be tolerable in short newspaper articles but in a book it is irritating and uncommunicative. For example, we read that Robert Kennedy "has been going full steam" and "is at a dead end" so that "he went off to Acapulco to play" in order to be able to come back to "happily chase crooks" . . . No doubt many busy people will find interesting conversational material in the book. It is too superficial to offer much more.

HUGH THORBURN

THE ORDERED CHAOS

The green selves of my plantation gravure
Were their usual salient walls,
So in the quiet current winds'
Round of weeds and mercurial glades
I, in this rock-pattern flesh,
Slanted and gill fin-rode,
Speedily turned up the shore
And broke for those iconoclastic plains
That are part of my ground,
Divisible, infinitely porous insect beings,
Succulent and color flattened coterie
Of life's darker and meeker leavings
On this tributary island.

The then flooding heads mouth,
Dusted with bubbling silver pearls,
Climbed and broached stealthily for the clear:
I flayed and rose in ego for that infectious dinner—
Slack! out into the clever,
Planetary dimension of the crass,
As with boys go avidly jumping men
Seeing me down and grown,
Reeling into the grail lagoon,
Levelling off on those toughening waits
Amongst this world's shady lily,
Upended, slowly undulating,
In the middle of the surface.

CLIVE MANWARING

TRAGI-COMEDY

History should not be always
the tragedy of mankind.
Let's make it a soap-opera,
at last we will know it is
continuing.

TIBOR BARANYAL

ALL SOULS AND APPEASEMENT: A. L. Rowse; Macmillan; pp. vii, 122; \$3.75.

A. L. Rowse's engrossing essay does not perpetuate, but demolishes the myth that All Souls' College was the nursery of appeasement. All Souls, indeed, is incidental to the tale, which might as aptly have been called "Appeasement and I." The college did offer a meeting-place for men of affairs and academics, and there the appeasement debate raged. But no resolution of the debate ever occurred in All Souls, and Rowse admits that the arguments in the common rooms had not the slightest influence on policy. That is one of his complaints, for he was an enemy of appeasement. One is never quite certain whether to regard the essay as simply a fascinating memoir of a terrible decade, or as an exposé of All Souls and the Establishment. As an exposé it fails.

It is remarkable that All Souls in the '30s possessed among its Fellows such public men of appeasement as Geoffrey Dawson of *The Times*, Philip Kerr, John Simon and Lord Halifax. But appeasement was not only their policy, and Rowse cannot limit his strictures to them. He must introduce Stanley Baldwin ("Baldwin liked a Fellow of All Souls better than other fellows," remarked Lord Vansittart), Baldwin's confidant Thomas Jones, Robert Barrington-Ward of *The Times*, and Neville Chamberlain; all of whom, with Dawson, were chief architects and advocates of appeasement. In his comments on these men, Rowse depends upon published biographies and histories. Even in his discussion of the All Souls men, he frequently supplements his own recollections from published sources. The celebrated and disastrous weekend in June, 1939, when Adam von Trott sounded the British leaders' attitude toward Germany (officially for Hitler and unofficially for the German opposition), which Rowse describes at length, did not take place at All Souls, but at the Astors. The essay becomes a commentary on historical writings, with occasional personal asides and a general conclusion about the genesis of the appeasement policy. There is rather too much of Rowse's duodenal ulcer, though it, and the fury with which Rowse condemns appeasement after twenty years, are signs of the frustration the policy caused for clear-headed men.

The book is most significant for Rowse's insights into the minds of the appeasers. It is still astonishing to recognize the ignorance of European history, the masochistic guilt over Versailles, the pettiness, foggi-ness, and naive underestimation of man's capacity for evil that misled them into ambiguity and concession. Chamberlain, to the end, was the little man from Birmingham, "looking at world affairs through the wrong end of the municipal drain-pipe," as Churchill said. Rowse regrets the absence in these non-conformist appeasers of the aristocratic respect for power in foreign affairs which Churchill restored when it was almost too late. They had forgotten the Grand Alliance; in a tentative, half-baked way, they fitted the Soviet stereotype of westerners who contemplated friendship with Nazi Germany in order that she might polish off the Reds. They were incapable of seeing the truth about the Nazis because their whole secure world of fantasy depended upon keeping the shutters down.

DENIS SMITH

CHRISTMAS BOOKS

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(or the tablecloth game)

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CHRISTMAS BOOKS

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FEARGUS RUA COMFORTS A LADY

(from the Irish)

Stop your crying, young woman,
Do not believe their lies;
There is no woman save yourself
Finds favour in my eyes.

Many the maiden, pleasant and gay—
A graceless, graceful crew—
Seeks to lure me from your side:
Let that not worry you.

Not one of those lovely ingenious ones,
Ingenuous of glance,
Can flatter me away from you—
At their lying, look askance.

Small rose, your small and sleepy word
And dawn's first leap:
Glad would they change roles with you
But, yours my kiss, to keep.

Padraig O'Brein

A BROKEN FRIENDSHIP

Marcus I no longer love you
Nor do I treat you as my friend;
Man, look you are infested—
As a cow with hoof and mouth you are consumed.

Marcus look to your concubines,
See them reclining on your best couches—
Defiling them, with their fat hairy lips
Oozing goat smells, and making you regret
That you bought them as you did
From that ecsemic dog, Lucius.

See them dawdling at their contrived lascivity—
Look they call you to bed—
Feed them Marcus—but you cannot.
Their eyes are yellow and dull (like cats)—Can you
not feel their boring?

Leave them. Rid yourself. Return to your wife.
For I cannot love you as you are.
No association will take place between us;
And when the senators speak of you in the council,
I will turn my head and block my ears at your name.

Peter Taviss

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